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I hadn't seen Oliver, my pet triceratops , in years, but what I remember about him wasn't great. While my other pets were easy going and free spirited, he was the voice of discipline and reason. A large creature with broad shoulders and a deep, bellowing voice, I eventually become more than a little scared of him, and eventually thankful when he finally moved to the deep south to become a dancer at an all male cabaret. I couldn't discipline him either, as he had become a billion due to string of impeccably well-placed Super Bowl bets.

All the while, though, I kept a secret regarding Oliver bottled up deep inside, pushed deep into the darkest corners of my brain and only brought out sparingly in my weakest, lustful gay moments. It was dark, forbidden fantasy I wouldn't dare tell a soul and had trouble even admitting to myself.

For as much of an overbearing pain in the ass that my gay billionaire triceratops was, I always thought he was kind of hot. Incredibly hot, actually, if we're going to be honest.

Of course, those days I was still buried deep within the closet, anyway, and as far as I knew triceratops and human relationship rarely ever worked. He hasn't been a part of my life for a long time, showing up on my doorstep without a penny to his name just four years back, so it's nothing I have to worry about.

These day's I'm living on the East Coast, after falling in love with New York during my college years away from home. My family is still in Los Angeles but I see them frequently, sometimes making the flight back for the holidays and other times hosting them on trips to the big apple. I love my family, but enjoy living far away and having the space to grow and make my own choices, my own mistakes, without the ever-present eye of my mother, siblings, or gay triceratops.

I'm sitting up on the roof of my apartment building, watching the sunset through the towering skyscrapers that consume the purple and orange skyline. It's one of those gorgeous New York evenings that has to be experienced first hand to completely understand; the way the cool air tickles your skin from over the ocean, the electric hum of the people below and the lives intersecting in any number of ways. It's as if anything could happen at any moment, the calm before the storm. I've been drinking and

feel sufficiently relaxed after a long day at work, but my mellow silence is broken unexpectedly by the phone vibrating in my pocket.

I pull it out and immediately notice that it's an unknown number, which is almost as weird as someone calling instead of texting. I'd usually just ignore the call, but I'm feeling particularly adventurous today and decide to pick up.

"Hello?" I ask, putting the phone up to my ear and leaning back into my chair.

"Jeremy?"

I recognize the voice immediate and sit straight up. It's been years, but it'd know that deep dinosaur tone anywhere.

"Holy shit." I laugh, still in shock. "Is this Oliver?"

"I've missed you a lot, Jeremy." Oliver says, a deep pain in his voice.

"I know." I tell him as a single tear wells up and rolls down my cheek. I wasn't prepared for this just of conversation tonight. "I've missed you too."

The conversation almost immediately goes silent, neither of us knowing exactly what to say next. Suddenly, the ever-present sound of traffic and car horns from the streets below seems lonely and homesick. I used to hate this dinosaur nuisance, breathing a sight of relief when he first left, but for some reason I'm incredibly glad that he called.

"Everything okay?" Oliver's voice asks from the other end of the line, knocking me back into reality. "Sorry, it's kinda hard to hold the phone up with my claws."

"Oh, yeah." I stammer, "Everything's great."

"Good, good." He says, awkwardly. "So anyway, I know it's been a while but I'm in town dancing and your mom said that you were in the city now."

I laugh. "You talked to my mom?"

"Well, you know." Oliver admits. "It was probably right when you moved here but I figured I'd look you up on the off chance you were still around."

"Yep." I say, "I'm still here trying to make it work."

"Yeah, I hear you." Oliver says. "Its hard right now, the cabaret isn't looking good at all but luckily I still have all my Super Bowl winnings."

I scoff. “I figured as much. You’ve got no room to complain, rich ass dinosaur.”

As I take another long swig of beer I feel something strange and dangerous brewing within me, an anxious ache that I can’t quite put my finger on but is certainly there, and more than a little terrifying. I immediately push it away and pretend that the feeling never occurred, but I can’t deny that for a brief moment it was there in the pit of my stomach.

“I’ve got tomorrow night off.” Oliver says. “I was thinking maybe I could take you out to dinner and we could catch up.”

I sigh. “I don’t know, I’m pretty busy these days.”

Oliver has been around long enough not to growl or roar when someone turns him down, even his former owner. He’s a triceratops who’s aged to perfection and has all of the confidence and charm that comes with it. He doesn’t need me. “Alright,” Oliver says without a second thought. “No worries.”

Almost immediately I regret my reaction. “Wait.”

“Yes?”

“I think I can make something work,” I tell him. “There’s a nice restaurant a few blocks from my place that I’ve been hoping to try. It’s called The Chow Lounge. Want to meet me there?”

“How’s eight?” Oliver asks.

“I can do that.” I tell him. “I’ll see you then.”

“See you then, buddy.” Oliver says before hanging up, leaving me alone once again on the rooftop. A strange current runs through my blood, an excitement that I don’t want to admit to myself.

I close my eyes as the sun finally dips completely behind the edge of the earth.

I show up at the restaurant a little bit late but immediately spot Oliver, who’s sitting quietly at a table in a dark corner of the room. The place is beautiful and much more expensive than anywhere I’d go on my own, but I’m more than certain Oliver is paying so why not spring on something nice. He stands up to greet me as I walk over to him, giving me a big hug with his tiny triceratops arm and then pulling out my chair as I sit down in the across from him; Old school Jurassic chivalry.

The dim, romantic lighting is enough to make anyone look sexy, but Oliver has clearly aged beautifully. He was always a good-looking

dinosaur, but the specks of grey that now dot his scales have added an air of self-assured beastliness. Oliver's also dressed way been then he ever did when he was my pet, the cutthroat world of male burlesque doing a complete one-eighty on his previously tired fashion sense.

He sits down and smiles wide with a mouthful of sharp teeth. "Whoa. Look at you, Jeremy."

"Here I am." I laugh with an uncomfortable shrug.

"You look handsome." Oliver offers. "I can't believe this. When's the last time I saw you?"

I think for a moment, trying to count the years. "four years, maybe?"

Oliver nods. "That sounds about right."

We sit in silence for a moment as my mind races. Oliver doesn't seem uncomfortable at all, however, completely in control of the situation, which unfortunately makes him seem even sexier. I know I'm not supposed to think these taboo gay thoughts about my own dinosaur pet, but I can't deny the attraction that so blatantly bubbles right below the surface. It's so wrong, and I'd never act on it, but I know that it's there.

"Where are you working?" Oliver asks.

"I'm at a production house." I tell him. "Editing commercials."

A huge smile crosses his triceratops face. "Really? Oh that's great. Remember those movies you used to make and show everybody?"

I laugh at this reminder of my former hobby. "How could I forget?"

"Those were great." Oliver tells me. "You were a natural, I guess it makes a lot of sense for you to be doing that stuff now."

I nod. A waiter comes by to ask us if we'd like anything to drink, and I start to decline but Oliver immediately swings into action, ordering us a remarkably nice bottle of wine. The waiter nods at me and the dinosaur and leaves.

"Whoa! What are we celebrating?" I ask, jokingly.

"This! I haven't seen my owner in seven years!" Oliver exclaims. "Bring on the wine! This is a big night for a former pet!"

I laugh and shake my head in amusement. It's weird to be here as a peer with someone who had always been just a dinosaur companion to me. I would have never dreamed that one day we would be sharing a glass of wine at a fancy restaurant like two grown adults.

“You didn’t tell your mom you were meeting up with me, did you?” He asks, a hint of something pensive and weird in his voice.

“Ha! No.” I tell him. “Are you kidding me? She was never happy about taking you in when we were back home. I don’t think she’d be happy with me still talking to a dinosaur… no offence.”

Oliver shakes his head. “None taken, I understand. It’s hard to get people to see past the scales, especially when raptors and t-rexes are out there messing it up for the rest of us.”

The wine comes and Oliver tries a sip with his large mouth, then approves. The waiter pours us each a glass and takes our order, which amounts to a salad for me and a steak for Oliver.

“You have a girlfriend?” Oliver asks as the waiter leaves.

“No.” I tell him.

He eyes me for a moment. “Boyfriend?”

I laugh. “No, but you’re getting warmer now.”

Oliver shakes his head and smiles. “That’s hard to believe.” He confesses. “Look at you! My god, you’re a good looking guy. Fucking sexy and finally out of the closet.”

“Oliver!” I shout. “You can’t say that!”

He bursts out laughing. “What? I’m not your pet anymore! I can say these things if I want to, and besides it’s the truth.” He leans in closer. “You know, half the people in here probably think we’re on a date, anyway. Some rich old triceratops with a hot piece of human arm candy.”

I glance around the restaurant and suddenly realize that he’s probably right. As taboo as dinosaur human relationships are, they’re still not entirely unheard of, especially here in the big city.

I take a deep breath. “Do you want me to be your arm candy?” I ask him.

The second that the words leave my lips I can’t believe I actually asked them. My face immediately flushes as I wait for his response, and I can’t help but glance down at my half finished glass of wine.

Suddenly, his claw crosses the table and covers my own. A sensual chill immediately runs down my spine as my eyes look back up to meet his.

“I’d like that.” Oliver says.

I wait before speaking again, my heart racing in my chest.

“This is trouble.” I tell him.

“Is it?” Oliver says. “Sometimes trouble can be a lot of fun.”

I hesitate for a moment, my eyes lingering on the shape of his large manly horns. “Would you like to see my place after dinner?” I ask.

He smiles. “How about right now? Suddenly, I’m not so hungry.”

“We just ordered.” I protest.

Oliver stands up and heads over to the hostess. They chat for a moment and then he walks back to the table and confidently offers a claw. “It’s all taken care of.”

The next thing I know, the triceratops and I are briskly strolling the streets of Manhattan back towards my apartment. Neither of us speaks a word, but our own thoughts are more than busy enough to keep us occupied. I know exactly what’s going to happen when we get upstairs, and my body is literally trembling with anticipation. Everything about this is so wrong, but it feels so right.

I reach the front door of my building and fumble while punching in the number, my hands literally shaking too much to function properly. I try again and screw up a second time, pressing pound before the code instead of after.

“Everything okay there?” Oliver asks. “This is your place right? You’re not just trying to break in?”

I laugh nervously. Luckily, someone exits the building while I’m making my third attempt and we slip inside, then we head straight for the elevator.

“I’m excited to see your place.” Oliver tells me coolly as the elevator doors close and it shoots upward, his massive dinosaur body taking up most of the space inside.

I give Oliver a smile, not sure how to respond.

Finally, the lift stops and the doors open. I lead the way down the hall and then stop at my apartment, feeling Oliver’s looming presence behind me as I insert my key and push open the door. We step inside and immediately he is upon me, turning me around and pushing me hard up against the wall of the entryway.

His claws roam my body freely as he kisses me hard, smelling a familiar dinosaur scent I haven’t thought of in years. Oliver’s scales feel rough but pleasant against my face, a reminder of his beastly dominance as he takes my hands and pushes them back above my head. I whimper softly, trying to hold onto a shred of protest but I simply can’t do it. This is

exactly what I want, exactly what I've always wanted but been to afraid to admit it.

Oliver feverishly starts to unbutton my shirt but it's taking too long so he eventually tears it off in a spray of tiny white buttons, revealing my toned young chest underneath.

My hands have taken on a mind of their own at this point, running up and down his body and pulling his shirt from his large dinosaur pants. I rub my fingers across Oliver's toned abs, even more impressive than the last time I saw them on our family vacation to Greece.

"You've been working out." I manage to say through the flurry of kisses.

"Dancing." He responds. "It's good for a dinosaur's bod."

I immediately start to unbutton his pants and thrust my hand inside, grabbing hold of his rock hard dick. Oliver is fully engorged and his cock is absolutely massive, taunting me as I pull it from its cloth sheath. I grasp his dick firmly and stroke with slow, deliberate movements. He starts to push back against me, finding a rhythm within my fingers.

"You've been a bad boy, haven't you?" Oliver asks me between frantic kisses.

"Yeah." I moan. "I need to be taught a lesson."

The next thing I know, Oliver is pushing me down towards the floor. I drop to my knees and suddenly I'm faced with his enormous cock, which I promptly take into my mouth. He stretches my lips tight with the girth of his giant dino member, pushing me up and down on his length while I struggle to consume him.

Eventually, Oliver drives down hard and forces his dick up against the limits of my gag reflex. I try my best to take him but fumble, retching as the mammoth cock chokes me. I pull him out with a gasp, coughing and sputtering.

"You need to do as I tell you." The billionaire dinosaur demands, standing above me in towering authority. "And I'm telling you to swallow my fucking cock."

"I'm sorry, sir." I say, looking up at him through watery eyes.

I open my mouth wide and try again, relaxing as much as I can as Oliver slides his cock back down into my depths. This time I'm ready for him, and as his dick plunges deeper I somehow manage to accommodate his size, allowing him to plummet well below my gag reflex. Oliver lets out a

loud roar of pleasure as he reaches the bottom, his green balls resting tightly against my chin and holding there.

Just as I'm about the run out of air Oliver lets me up again, but only long enough to survive because seconds later he's pushing me back down onto his cock. This time the movements are rapid and powerful, forcing me up and down on his length with brutal strength. He's completely dinohandling me and I love every second of it, the domination filling my body with a strange lustful desire. I'm rock hard, and as he pummels my throat with his massive dick I reach down and slide my hand into my pants. My cock is swollen and sensitive to my own firm touch, aching as I rub it in time with the movements between my lips.

Finally, I'm just too horny to take it any longer. I pull Oliver out of my mouth and the desperately command. "Fuck me right now. I need you in my asshole with that triceratops dick!"

Oliver smiles and lifts me to my feet. "With pleasure."

"Punish me." I beg. "I've been a bad, bad boy."

The next thing I know we are stumbling through my apartment, finally landing on the couch that sits directly in the center of my living room. I climb up onto it on all fours as Oliver tears down my pants and the tight black briefs beneath.

As the cool air hits my skin I shiver with excitement. I had no idea things would ever go this far, and now that they have I feel like I'm on a rollercoaster with no breaks. This moment has been building for years and now that it's finally here I don't know how to react, completely overwhelmed by my homosexual taboo attraction to this ferocious dinosaur.

I look back over my shoulder at Oliver, who has stripped naked and stands confidently behind me, aligning his massive cock with my tightness.

"Tell me I'm a nasty human manslut." I beg.

Oliver shakes his head in mock disappointment. "What are we going to do with you? Such a nasty little human twink, you need a real dinosaur to show you how to fuck."

"I'm sorry." I say, biting my lip coyly.

"Sorry isn't good enough this time you fucking human slutboy." My triceratops roars. "You're going to take this dick until you can't even walk straight."

“I deserve it.” I tell him. “I deserve to be punished.”

“Yes you do.” Oliver agrees.

With that, he thrusts forward into my asshole and stretches me out brutally. I let out a yelp of unexpected pleasure as he filled me up, reeling from the sensation as Oliver starts to push in and out of me.

“Oh fuck.” I moan. “You’re so fucking big.”

Oliver slaps my ass hard. “Say it again.”

“Your dinosaur cock is so fucking big!” I scream, gripping the couch tightly in front of me. I’m not lying either. Everything about Oliver is huge, from the size of his dick to the width of he powerful legs as he grabs me by the waist and propels me back and forth on his cock.

Eventually, he starts to pick up the pace, his movements slowly evolving into a rapid-fire slam against my ass. He feels incredible inside of me, now a seasoned gay lover who knows exactly where to thrust within a man. I can feel a prostate orgasm slowly creeping its way across my body, pulsing inside of me with more and more power until finally it explodes across me in a sensual wave. My quiet trembling instantly becomes a violent quake as my muscles contract wildly, jizz ejecting from the head of my cock. I throw my head back and let out a frantic howl of pleasure.

All the while, Oliver doesn’t let up for a second, absolutely pummeling me from behind with all of his monsterous strength. When the orgasm finally passes he immediately grabs me and lifts me up, carrying my small body across the apartment and kicking open the door to my bedroom. There, he throws me onto the bed, where I lay on my back and lift my legs up into the air.

Oliver climbs into position and then pushes his swollen dino dick back inside of me with a low groan, immediate getting back to work. From this angle I can see his incredible body, toned and muscular due to a rigid dance routine that could only be accomplished by the most disciplined of prehistoric creatures. I reach down and run my hands across his impeccable abs, my cock already starting to stiffen again.

“You’re not used to getting fucked by a real dinosaur are you?” Oliver asks. “The human guys just can’t keep up with this.”

I shake my head in agreement. “They don’t ever fuck me like this.” I tell him. “They don’t have your massive triceracock!”

Oliver takes one of my muscular legs in each hand and spreads them wide, testing the limits of my flexibility. My twice-weekly yoga

classes have clearly been paying off and I handle it with no problem, giving him a little wink as he pummels my asshole without mercy.

Eventually, Oliver pulls out of me and pauses for a moment, catching his breath.

"What is it?" I ask.

"It's time for your real punishment." Oliver says.

"Oh no." I say with a smile. "What are you going to do with me?"

I can see Oliver reach over and grab something off of my dresser, I large black dildo that I like to keep handy for those lonely nights in. Oliver slips the dildo casually into my ass, but suddenly I feel the head of his cock pressed firmly against the door of my asshole as well. I gasp.

"Double penetration? I've never done that before." I admit.

"Well then who better to teach you then your favorite billionaire pet?" Oliver offers.

The words sizzle against my skin, so hot and so wrong. I can't believe how depraved I've become as the night continues on, because at this point I'll do anything that he wants me to.

"Double fuck my ass with your cock and that dildo." I beg. "Teach me how it's done."

"Well, first you relax." Oliver tells me. He pushes forward even more, the pressure building but the tight rim of my hole still maintaining its integrity. "Relax, Jeremy."

I close my eyes and reach down with one hand to play with my cock, focusing on the deep, primal sound of Oliver's voice.

Suddenly, I feel the limits of my asshole give way as the enormous dildo slides in next to Oliver's member, stretching me out with its incredible thickness.

"Fuck!" I shout in a mixture of pleasure and pain. I quickly gain speed with the rapid strokes across my dick, trying to somehow balance out all of the peculiar sensations at work within my body. Oliver pumps slowly at first, driving his cock up into me with a deliberate, sensual movement, but as we continue he grows faster and faster until eventually he's pounding me up the ass with all of his force.

I can feel myself edging towards a second orgasm now as a familiar warmth begins to grow inside of me. I clench my teeth tight and brace for the powerful surge that I know is coming right around the corner, but no amount of anticipation can prepare me for the explosion of pleasure

when it hits. My eyes roll back into my head and I scream a blood-curling scream, my back arching like a demon mid-exorcism. I immediately lose grasp on where I am and what I'm doing, becoming nothing more than a ball of hot white bliss. Cum shoots out of my cock in a series of thick milky ropes.

Oliver is still pounding away ruthlessly, but my shrieking troughs of passion must have sent him over the edge because suddenly he is lifting me up in the air once again. The dildo pops out. My legs spread wide, the triceratops impales my tiny frame onto his towering rod of a cock, using gravity to force me down even harder than before over his dino dick.

I'm completely maxed out and blathering like a mindless gay sex friend when Oliver starts to cum as well. I can feel the muscles in his arms contract as he pushes and holds deep within my asshole, ejecting a series of hot white payloads up my butt.

"Oh my fucking god!" Oliver yells. I can feel every pulse of his cock as his jizz shoots up inside of me, filling me to the brim and then squirting out from the corners of my plugged asshole. It drips onto the floor below in warm, pearly splatters as I hang there in his arms.

When all of the semen has finally been drained from Oliver's giant cock, he carefully removes himself from me and places me back on the bed, where the two of us stare blankly at each other's nude and fucked senseless bodies. A few seconds pass in silence until a smile slow creeps across my face and I burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" Oliver asks.

"Nothing." I say. "How did we end up here?"

Oliver leans back against my dresser and rests, his chest still heaving from the ferocious sexual workout.

"Chemistry is chemistry." He tells me. "Dinosaur, human, whatever."

I laugh. "You're right about that."

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